THE PACIFIC

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A THOUGHT OF THEE.

I do not know the ocean's song,
Or what the brooklets say;
At eve I sit and listen long,
I cannot learn their lay.
But as I linger by the sea,
And that sweet song comes unto me,
It seems, my Lord, it sings of Thee.

I do not know why poppies grow
Amid the wheat and rye;
The lilies bloom as white as snow,
I cannot answer why.
But all the flowers of the spring,
The bees that hum, the birds that sing,
A thought of Thee they seem to bring.

I cannot tell why silvery Mars
Moves through the heav'ns at night;
I cannot reason why the stars
Adorn the vault with light,
But what sublimity I see,
Upon the mount, the hill, the lea,
It brings, my Lord, a thought of Thee.

—McGirt.

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

DREAMING AND DOING.

No aspiration is so high,
  No vision fires my brain,
No longing comes to me but I
  Have power to attain.
The prize, whate'er it be, is his,
  Nor aught can work him ill,
Whose never-failing motto is:
  "By God's good grace I will."

VISIONS AND VERITIES.

Several decades ago Bayard Taylor, the poet and traveler, spent a summer in California. Later he said of it: "The only care-free, cloudless summer of my life, since childhood, was spent in California. The going there was a delight, and the leaving there a regret."

Writing at that time concerning life as he found it in California, Taylor said:

"If anywhere men need one 'pull back' and women two, it is in California. In a hundred years, unless men of brains in the right region take the helm, the Coast will be a land whose luxurious wickedness will be equalled only by its energy, its liberality and its courage. It will have great poets and painters. It will have grand sculptors and musicians. They must come, for the climate craves them; but the poets will sing of love like Anacreon, and Cleopatra will sit oftener than Ruth for her picture, and poor Dorcas not at all; and the 'Peeping Toms' of Coventry will go unrebuked. The sculptors will lend to lip and limb a semi-tropical languor that is not weakness, and the musicians will score new measures, but not a Dead March in Saul. There is no such field under the sun wherein to lay the foundations of a Pantheon for the Christian arts and the Christian muses as California, and I believe the master builders are there who have the inspiration of unquestioned power to exact respect and to command success."

Last week an attendant at the convention of the National Educational Association, Dean Sumner, of Chicago, the chairman of the Chicago Commission on vice, visited the Barbary Coast section of San Francisco and found it far worse than he had imagined. "Never have I seen the law so flagrantly violated," says the dean, "nor vice so utterly open as in the places I visited in Barbary Coast."

It is not surprising that residents of the cities hereabouts who know that Mayor McCarthy is to blame for this condition in San Francisco should have sat with feelings of shame in the Greek Theater in Berkeley Monday afternoon of last week, forced to listen to him, if they listened at all, welcome the teachers of the land to the city by the Golden Gate. It was an indignity perhaps unavoidable under the circumstances, and yet something to which it is to be hoped our people may never again be subjected.

In 1874 Walt Whitman wrote a California song which he named "The Song of the Redwood Tree." It was a chant of the seasons and time—a chant both of the past and the future. The poet represented himself as hearing up in the Mendocino country an aged and mighty redwood chanting its death-chant. "The choppers heard not—the camp shanties heard not; the quick-ear'd teamsters, and chain and jack-screw men heard not," as the wood-spirits came from their haunts of a thousand years, to join the refrain, but the poet tells us that in his soul he plainly heard.

There in the midst of the crash of falling trunk and limbs, surrounded by the music of the choppers' axes, the echo of teamsters' calls and the clinking chains, the mighty tree spoke to the life within itself and to its brothers. Summing up the untold life that had been theirs, all the venerable and innocent joys of the ages, in the winter rains and summer suns, joys of the life befitting them, and telling of a race predicted long, a superber race, thus spoke that mighty tree:

"Our time, our term has come
Nor yield we mournfully, majestic brothers,
We who have grandly filled our time;
With Nature's calm content and tacit, huge delight,
We welcome what we wrought for through the past,
And leave the field for them.
For them, predicted long,
For a superber race—they too to grandly fill
  their time;
For them we abdicate, in them, ourselves, ye forest kings!
In them these skies and airs, these mountain
  peaks—Shasta, Nevadas,
These huge, precipitous cliffs, this amplitude,
  these valleys grand, Yosemite!
To be in them absorb'd, assimilated!"

Then all the spirits of the forest seemed to chant in lofty strain to the culminating man:

"Here may he hardy, sweet, gigantic grow, here
  tower proportionate to nature,
Here climb the vast, pure spaces, unconfined, unchecked by wall or roof;
Here laugh with storm or sun, here joy, here patiently inure,
Here heed himself, unfold himself, not other's
  formulas heed, here fill his time,
To duly fall, to aid, unreck'd at last,
To disappear, to serve."

The poet then presents the vista of the future as it unfolds before him: A swarming and busy race settling

and organizing everywhere; ships coming in from the whole round world; populous cities, the latest inventions, thrifty farms and the richness of great mines.

"But more in you than these," he says, lands of the Western shore—"these but the means, the implements, the standing ground!" "I see in you certain to come the promise of thousands of years, till now deferred."

"In man of you, more than your mountain peaks,
or stalwart trees imperial;
In woman more, far more, than all your gold or
vines or even vital air.
I see the genius of the modern, child of the real
and the ideal,
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true
America, heir of the past so grand,
To build a grander future."

We believe that the vision for California is to be realized. There is a long way yet to climb. But we are climbing, notwithstanding the things that drag down and ruin many a life. Soon we shall have at the helm of things more men with brains in the right region. There is a spirit in the air everywhere which betokens changes for the better—rapid changes which will speedily put into all life more of the divine.

UNDESIRABLE ADVERTISING.

San Francisco is being well advertised all over the Pacific Coast just now as a desirable place for people to come to who desire to be to considerable extent a law unto themselves. Mayor McCarthy is represented as making all kinds of concessions to the element to which he must look for reelection. A San Francisco correspondent of an Oregon paper puts its this way: "Not since the days of long ago has the Barbary Coast section and the beach resorts had as much leeway as at the present time. All-night dancing has been nothing strange in San Francisco at various intervals, but at no time has it been allowed as at present. From now till after election San Francisco bids fair to be the Paris of America beyond any question."

Unfortunately for San Francisco it is all too true. But, it is hoped by those who are working for better conditions that the fact that Mayor McCarthy is thus catering to this element will work out his defeat. It seems unthinkable that he can, with such a program, command the undivided support of the workingmen. Will other than birds of a feather flock together?

The Pacific regrets that it is compelled to advertize San Francisco in this way, and we turn from this to note what the president of the Western Pacific railroad, an Eastern man, said to the citizens who entertained him at a banquet here a few days ago:

"You have here a perfect marvel of a city, a harbor unsurpassed anywhere in the world—and I have seen most of them—a commerce in its infancy. You can't form an idea what the marine commerce of San Francisco will be in fifty years, or even in twenty-five. You have here a great financial center, you have the necessary money essential to carry on commerce, to build up industries, and the brains and energy to back the money up, and those are the things that win.

"This is the eve of a revolution in marine commerce on the Pacific Coast. I care not what others say about the Panama canal, its construction marks an epoch in the world's history. It will bring the Pacific Coast of North and South America nearer the Old World than ever before, nearer than could be done in any other possible way.

"Your city will reap the chief benefit, and this brings me to say that I never had the slightest wonder why you sought an exposition. How could it be otherwise? How otherwise could it be celebrated? You are right in your undertaking to place here a great international exposition. I speak with confidence because of my identification with the Chicago exposition of 1893."

We do not despair of San Francisco morally. More and more, we believe, her citizens are coming to realize that material prosperity cannot be, in the long run, except on a moral basis. San Francisco, notwithstanding all that may be said in criticism and depreciation, is a desirable city to which to come. The city is going to be reshaped and transformed, made more conformable to righteousness, and good men and women who come here need not be contaminated any more than elsewhere; and they will find here abundant opportunity to put stars in their crowns by becoming participators in the work that will bring in the transformation. With the right kind of home influences, no parents should fear San Francisco as a place in which to rear their children even as conditions now are, and it will not be long until there will be marked changes for the better.

The newspapers have brought the Rev. Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco to the front the past week in a sensational report of some remarks made by him, while on a trip to Oregon, in contrasting life in New York and San Francisco. Dr. Aked was reported in New York as having said: "New Yorkers are as cold as their wintry weather. Chilled by the atmosphere of my congregation in New York I came West. Here I found warmth. The West responds to religion; the East only tolerates it." Dr. Aked has sent out a disclaimer, stating that he didn't express himself that way. He says: "I did tell the reporter that I thought the East was less responsive, less intellectually alert, less progressive than the West, but the assertion about New Yorkers being as cold as their wintry weather was his own invention. I did not say that, because I did not think it, and because it is not true." Dr. Aked goes East for a vacation the first of August. He has been invited to make the journey in the private car of Mr. Edgar L. Marston of New York, who is chairman of the board of trustees of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, the pastorate of which he resigned to accept the call to San Francisco. Mr. Marston is in California now. He said a few days ago to a San Francisco newspaper reporter that he had great regard for Dr. Aked whom he estimated as one of the most accomplished pulpit speakers in the United States. Mr. Marston added: "He left the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church purely of his own volition. The trustees were sorry to see him go. I understand he is extremely popular in San Francisco. I can understand why this is so. The American pulpit needs more men like Dr. Aked. Though the most democratic of men, he embellishes all his undertakings with a scholarship that makes him a most convincing advocate for the public good." It is gratifying to see the interest which Dr. Aked has awakened in San Francisco in not a few men long uninfluenced by the preaching of the gospel. We heard recently of one man of considerable prominence in the business world who went first rather out of curiosity but who was so gripped by

what he heard that he has become a regular attendant, and theretofore the churches had seen but little of him. Dr. Aked seems to have a message for men such as not all preachers appear to have.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

While in San Francisco recently the Rev. Dr. R. F. Coyle of Denver remarked: "We shall have to depend less on the power of preaching and more on personal work."

Los Angeles has secured the International Christian Endeavor Convention for 1913. Los Angeles reaches out after and gets many good things.

"The Church Record," a quarterly publication issued by the First Congregational Church of Oakland, contains in the number just published all of the addresses and papers given at the celebration last November of the 50th anniversary of the church. In addition Mr. Charles S. Greene contributes a brief article with reference to Mr. Brown's pastorate.

When the Rev. Arthur Hicks, the Presbyterian synodical missionary went to Tonopah, Nevada, a few years ago the local paper published an advance announcement with the comment, "We've sized Hicks up and have concluded to let him stay." Accordingly several hundred miners crowded the room in which the meeting was held and one intoxicated fellow took a collection sufficient for the purchase of an organ.

The Daily Oregonian, of Portland, indicates in the following how a Pacific Coast Congregational educational institution has entered enoblingly into the life of the Pacific Northwest: "Pacific University numbers in the list of her graduates many men who have been prominent in shaping the early policies of Oregon, and many graduates of later years who are holding important positions in nearly all lines of professional activity in the Northwest today."

Professor James Main Dixon of Los Angeles, tells in the West Coast Magazine of sitting in a home in Berkeley not long ago with two professors in the University of California who were unaware of the fact, until it was mentioned by him, that Edward Rowland Sill was a poet of wide fame. They had heard of his connection years ago with the University, but knew nothing of him as a poet. Inasmuch as this is a day of specialization, is it sufficient to remark that perhaps these professors were connected with the agricultural department or some other department not much given to things poetical?

In the great disaster in San Francisco in April, 1906, buildings to the number of 28,188 were destroyed. In the five years since the number of permits for new buildings has been 32,824. This, perhaps, more than the statement that an area of four square miles was devastated, gives an idea of the extent of the calamity which came then upon San Francisco. It is worthy of note that although the aggregate loss was $300,000,000 San Francisco, with 4,636 more buildings, completed or nearly so, than she had before the day of the disaster, has a lower percentage of mortgage indebtedness than New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg or Cleveland. The percentage for those cities is 39, 32, 26, 33, respectively, while for San Francisco it is only 14. This percentage is based on the actual value of the land and the improvements. Of San Francisco's mortgage debt $9,975,000 is held by Eastern corporations and individuals.

Commenting on the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, says: "The Portland gathering showed a most lamentable absence of laymen. One wonders just where the 'Laymen's Movement' moves—certainly not to participation in our fellowship. But those who did attend found a program of great interest, overloaded in fact. The addresses were of unusually high order, grappling with vital problems. The general impression was of virility, of optimism, in most cases of enthusiasm. If our Eastern friends are right in saying that Congregationalism's opportunity is in the West, the Portland meeting would indicate a willingness and an ability to make the most of that opportunity."

It is one of the encouraging signs of the times to come across such an article as that by the Rev. Dr. George B. Smyth of Berkeley from which we quote elsewhere in The Pacific this week. Our Methodist brethren have usually in the past been very insistent about the building up of Methodism all around the world. It is to be hoped that this changed attitude as to foreign missions will be found to apply soon just as widely to work in the home land. An admirable article on the evils of denominationalism appeared in the June number of The Insurgent, a monthly magazine edited and published by the Rev. Robert Whitaker of Los Gatos. It is entitled "Denominational Disarmament." Congregationalists have long been known to offend less in this way than the other denominations. We are hoping that Mr. Whitaker's disarmament article will find its way into religious circles generally and bear fruit in radical changes of heart. There is a great deal of denominational competition that is absolutely and terribly wicked. It is gratifying to see more in condemnation of it in the church papers of the other denominations than was to be seen even a decade ago.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Judge Speer of Georgia is of opinion that the race question would soon solve itself if the saloon were taken from the South.

Commenting on the writing of a book by Abe Ruef of San Quentin the Boston Transcript says: "John Bunyan composed a famous book in the same enviroment, but there is a difference between Abe Ruef and John Bunyan."

The secretary of a Buffalo charity organization believes that public health is as important to the community as public education and looks forward to a time when doctors as well as school teachers will be employed at the public expense.

People with more frankness than kindness sometimes say to excuse their rough-shod ways: "O, you mustn't mind me; it is a way I have." Dr. Hillis remarks: "Suppose a porcupine were to say, 'Don't mind my quills; it's a way I have.' A hedgehog has its way, but the way is very bad."

Foreign laborers have been returning latterly to their own lands in large numbers, and from January to June this year 130,000 fewer immigrants came to this country than

came for the same period last year. One reason for this is that the railroads are not doing the usual amount of construction and extension work, and the openings for employment are considerably lessened.

Andrew Carnegie said recently: "In America, from now on, all parties to a monopoly must open their books to critical investigation by auditors. There must be no concealment of anything. Evasions must meet with severe penalties, and at last capital will be treated liberally and get a handsome return, while labor will get the higher wages to which it is entitled and the consumer will be protected from extortion."

A Methodist church in New York City, voting on "ten favorite hymns," announced result as follows: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Abide with Me," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "I Love to Tell the Story," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Rescue the Perishing," "Rock of Ages," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Four others were tied for tenth place: "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," "Just As I Am," "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still," and "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." The Northwestern Christian Advocate makes this comment: "Nothing could illustrate better the change that has come over our religious thinking. In this list there is not one hymn about heaven. Ten years ago no congregation would have omitted 'Jerusalem, the Golden,' or 'There Is a Land of Pure Delight' and twenty-five years ago half the list would have been given to such hymns. Have we given up our hopes of heaven as well as our fears of hell?"

The Associated Charities of Cincinnati employs a visiting housekeeper. Last month she gave instruction by precept and example in nearly fifty homes. The first lesson is order. Things are put in their places. Next all dirt is dealt with. Dishes and windows are washed, the stove cleaned, the floor scrubbed. The housewife is taken on a marketing expedition and shown how to use her income to the best advantage. One young wife was found who did not know the prices of the most ordinary foods and tried to cook beans, potatoes and dumplings all in the same pot. The housewife is then taught how to cook the same article in different ways and how to utilize all the parts in different dishes so as to prevent waste. She is also taught how to keep a weekly budget of expenditures and a list of menus for each meal, so that the visiting housekeeper can see what the family eats and what it costs. As a result of this work one German family of seven were re-made from idleness, dirt and sickness into cleanliness, work, health and a new and well-managed home.

THE WIND ON THE RYE.

There is green on the hill, there is gold on the river,
And the wind on the rye sets my spirit a-quiver.
    There's a thrill in the sod
    At the touch of the God,
And a song in my heart for the gift and the Giver.

Now the grief that for days to my heart has been clinging
Is gone down the wind on the wings of the singing.
    The old sorrows die
    In the dance of the rye,
And the joy of the world in my spirit is springing!

—Edwin Markham.

SUMMERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

Under the foregoing caption Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary contributes a very informing article to The New York Independent in which he says:

"During the past decade the attention of those who love untrodden wildernesses has increasingly turned toward our Western mountains. Three names are inseparable from this westward march of outdoor interest; Joseph Le Conte, John Muir and John Knox McLean. The first I was not privileged to know in person. A beautiful memorial lodge in Yosemite Valley bears his name, but the mountains whose geological history he wrote are his greater monument. Muir and McLean, though both past three score and ten, are still with us. The name of the former, by the exquisite quality of his writings, is familiar in almost every American home. For his share in the establishment and preservation of some of our finest national parks coming generations will worthily honor him. John Knox McLean is the 'Adirondack' Murray of the California mountains. The charm of his spirit has distilled itself less into books than into the enthusiasms and memories of those with whom he has fished and camped on the slopes of Mount Shasta and along the roaring McCloud. It is but a slight acknowledgment to say that my most memorable experiences in the Sierra Nevada came to me in the sylvan companionship of these two veteran lovers of the wilderness."

Professor Bade regards it as a hopeful sign of the times that thousands of tired and overworked people go annually now into the Sierra Nevada with the unpretentious equipment with which religious art is accustomed to endow Joseph and Mary on their journey to Egypt. "And they are not by any means the impecunious who have learned to cut loose from civilization with nothing but simple food and coarse raiment. These men with bronzed countenances, following their donkeys across a ten-thousand-foot pass into the Kern or Kings River Canyon, probably control the destines of giant inudstries in the cities of the coast. That man frying trout over a pine-cone fire has for three weeks scarcely approached within thirty miles of the post office. His plain khaki suit bears no marks of his occupation. He may be a college professor, the director of the Biological Survey, or a merchant from Milpitas. Up there on the roof of the Western world a man is simply a a man. The accidents of profession do not count."

It is said further: "It would be difficult to overrate th beneficial effect which these outings are exercising upon those who participate in them. The extraordinary climatic conditions in the Sierra Nevada make it possible to sleep almost anywhere under the open sky, whether in the forests or among the rocks above the timber line. Any one who has experienced this simple outdoor life, and incomparably beautiful mountain scenery, is permanently cured of the hotel and baggage habit. He may never go with the Sierra Club again, but he is a zealous propagator of its camping methods wherever he goes.

"It was interesting on one occasion to hear John Muir relate at a camp fire on the Tuolumne Meadows how he tried to persuade Ralph Waldo Emerson to camp out with him among the Mariposa big trees. He would have succeeded had it not been for Mr. Emerson's party, whose habit could not be overcome. 'Mr. Emerson is old and might take cold, Mr. Muir, and that would be a serious matter.' And so 'the carpet dust and unknowable reeks were preferred. And to think of this being a Boston

choice.' Bostonian members of the Apalachian Mountain Club, good leather stockings all of them, were in the camp-fire circle and joined in the deprecating laugh.

"Many of us had slept under the open sky of the Sierra from the foot-hills to glacier meadows twelve thousand feet above sea level. But no one ever caught a cold. It was after his experience in the California mountains that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: 'Life is far better than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney stacks and telegraph wires. Nothing could be sweeter than the deathlike slumber that enfolds the tired mountaineer before he is done wondering at the unearthly brilliance of the stars that watch over his bed on the blooming heath.' "

THE AIM IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Rev. Dr. George B. Smyth of Berkeley contributed to the Northwestern Christian Advocate recently an able article on "The Aim in Foreign Missions." Dr. Smyth was for many years in the mission field in China, and for several years, until quite recently, was the Pacific Coast secretary of the foreign board of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the course of his article Dr. Smyth says:

"An aim sometimes presented to us is the founding and perpetuation of our Western denominations in non-Christian lands, and their extension throughout the world. Some Methodists preach this as the proper aim of Methodist missions. In one Church paper I read, some time ago, that to give up the purely denominational purpose of our missionary work, to fail to emphasize that our aim was to build up in every non-Christian land a Methodist Episcopal Church would be to "cut the nerve" of our foreign missions. I do not believe that in the great work which they are prosecuting abroad they are moved by denominational ambition, or by any other motive than a desire to extend the kingdom of God and to make Christ the Master and Lord of all.

"A few Methodists, I regret to say, claim that the purely denominational aim is in accordance with the New Ttestament. It is surely not necessary to remind readers of that authoritative Book that it contains not a single verse which gives the slightest countenance to such an idea. The New Testament contemplates a universal Church. One Lord, one faith, one baptism was the hope and vision of Paul. How utterly different that is from the establishment throughout the world of a number of sects calling themselves ecumenical, an ecumenical Methodism, an ecumenical Presbyterianism, an ecumenical Episcopalianism; what a travesty it would be on the hope and vision of Paul, what a pitiably unworthy answer to the prayer of Christ for the unity of his people, the establishment of a universal society of Christians throughout the world. Ecumenical Methodism is impossible, as a moment's consideration will show. The Churches of the greater countries of the Orient will not have it. Indeed, nothing could be more saddening than a desire on their part to have it, for it would show an unwillingness to assume for themselves the burden of the Christianization of their own lands. Oriental Christians will insist on governing their own churches; they will maintain brotherly relations with the Churches of the West, and especially with the Churches which took them the gospel. The Methodists of Japan have shown the way, and many Methodists of China are thinking of it.

"Again, while the dream of an ecumenical Methodism is a pleasant one to some American Methodists, it would remain pleasant only so long as they were in the majority, and could give theology and law to the rest of the greater Church, but, if the time came when the Methodists of the Orient were in the majority, and their delegates in the great ecumenical council could outvote them, the Americans, unless they had undergone a most remarkable and most unlooked-for change, would withdraw at once.

"Again, we can never deny to Oriental Methodists the independence we claimed for ourselves. Methodism came to us from England, but we speedily severed the connection and set up for ourselves. We may be sure that the Methodists of the Orient will do the same thing, and we cannot object. The Orient is waking up, and will throw off all alien control, ecclesiastical and political alike. We may dismiss the idea of an ecumenical Methodism as an irridescent dream, and so may every Church dismiss as impossible any hope whose carrying out would be inconsistent with the existence of entirely independent Churches in the Orient. If these sentences displease the reader, let him remember that a Church in the Orient governed by foreigners would be only an exotic, as far from enjoying the confidence and love of the people as a Western government which had forced itself on them by conquest. We ought to think of this and prepare ourselves for it, for independence will come whether we want it or not, and we ought to see that it comes in a way which will not leave a train of injured feeling behind it. Every student of missions ought to ponder the following words of Professor Moore after returning from a recent missionary visitation: "One going into a Hindu or Chinese Christian Church is positively astounded to see how completely some of the converts represent, seemingly to the minutest detail, the type with which we are familiar in the devout life of our Churches here at home. Their Christianity, real as it is, is still exotic. Christianity is not yet naturalized. Such converts explain how their compatriots may look upon the Christian as denationalized, and on conversion as equivalent to denationalization."

"What, then, should be our aim? Nothing less than this: the introduction of the Christian power, the planting and training in every land of a national Christian Church, or, in the words of Mr. Robert Speer, to build up native Churches which will themselves deal with their own apologetic problems and evangelize their own lands; in one word, to establish independent national Churches.

"I do not mean by a national Church an established Church, but a Church composed of its own people and governed by themselves, a purely native Church free from all Western control, free to develop itself according to its own genius, free to be taught of God and be led by Him into the life most in accord with the gifts which He has given it. No other kind of Church is worth founding, for it will not live. The planting and training of Churches which are to become self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating is the only end worthy of foreign missions. A mission which fails to plant and train such a Church is a failure, one which succeeds in planting and training it is a success. We should never forget, as I have said above, that any other kind of Church in what are now non-Christian lands would be only an exotic, a lifeless reproduction of a Western institution, powerless to influence the life of the nation and bring it under the headship of Christ.

"A glance at the great Oriental nations now rising be-

fore the world—China, India and Japan, will show that their people will never consent to have their Churches permanently ruled, in whole or in part, by foreigners. Their Churches will claim independence, and they will have it, and they will have a right to it. In introducing Christianity among a people we are introducing the greatest moral and spiritual force known to men, but if it is to work in the widest sphere and with the highest good, and have its characteristic influence on the nation's life, it must work in accordance with the God-given genius of each people, and must not be permanently controlled, in whole or in part, by foreigners. We must plant the Church, that is our first duty. We must then train it, and when it is trained to undertake the work of national Christianization itself, and not till then, will the missionary work be done. We shall have then independent Churches to deal with, and can remain in each country where they exist only to co-operate with them as equals, and, in no sense whatever, as rulers. When these independent Churches are ready to take over the work of national Christianization the work of the missionary, as such, is done, all further work and the direction of it should be left to the native Church, which alone can bring the whole people to Christ and effect, in each country, the universal society of Christians for which Christ wished, for which He hoped, for which He prayed, for which He died, and for which now He lives. Here is an aim worthy to work for because it was Christ's, and because it is realizable. It includes the whole Great Commission. Nothing less is great enough to engage us, nothing more is asked or is possible. With such an aim all the great departments of missionary work now engaged in have their proper place; education to awaken interest, to place the members of the young Church abreast in intellectual training of the most advanced of the non-Christians, and to train the native preachers for their work; philanthropic work to show the spirit of Christianity in action and be an example of Christian love; and all to give the Church its proper place in the general life."

CONTRASTS.

J. E. Walker.

Yesterday I listened to a unique and interesting sermon by a Chinese pastor. His text was from Eph. 4:1—"Walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called"; and in his treatment of it he took the nine Simons of the New Testament, contrasting each, what he was with what he ought to have been, and asking us to contrast our own walk with theirs and with what it ought to be.

As it was the month of June, of course he had his fan. In Southern China the Chinese preacher always has his fan; and on a hot day I have seen a Chinese preacher go through an entire service—Scripture, prayers, hymns and sermon—with only momentary cessations of the automatic fanning of his fan. In cooler days it will be folded up much of the time, but form an important element in his gestures. But yesterday was cloudy and not hot; and the preacher used the fan only in gesturing. At each contrast made he would hold the fan up by the middle like the beam of a pair of scales and tipped down one end or the other as he thought the balance was for or against the subject of discourse or his hearers, or as he thought the person spoken of came nearer to or fell farther short of of walking worthily of the calling wherewith he was called. In his introduction he had remarked, "I am not going to set myself up as a model or a judge; but when I preach God's word I must preach it faithfully, and not trim it down to my own standard of living." But I think there were not many in that audience who could have tipped the scale against him.

The opium fight is fairly on; and the government is seen to be steadfastly in earnest. Corrupt officials have always been accustomed to spasmodic reforms. When the educational reform was introduced many a grafting mandarin took it as a new scheme for extorting money; but gradually they found to their grief that the Central Government was in dead earnest, and meant business.

And now we are going through a similar struggle with the opium traffic. Opium merchants and opium smoking mandarins seemed to think it was a little flurry that would blow over in a little while; but like a rising storm each lull is succeeded by a stronger blast. Just now here in Shaowu the members of the local government committee are active in seizing crude opium, and they have made several seizures. One of these was publicly burned at the East Gate of the city; but a covetous magistrate has taken charge of the other lots; and the supposition is that they will be privately consumed with financial profit, both to the smugglers and to the magistrate.

The Revolutionists, as they are called, are busy circulating false and disquieting rumors; and the worse elements in society are waxing bolder. The summer time when folks are not bundled up in much clothing and hovering over fire baskets, is the opportunity for the mischievous agitator. At evening the common people are out on their door steps, and foolish talk easily gets a start and flies fast and far. The situation is somewhat critical, but on the whole hopeful. We are all going down to Foochow for the summer, not because we fear trouble, but to escape the heat; and yet it is well that we are going.

Shaowu, China, June 12, 1911.

THE MORNING IN MY FRONT YARD.

W. N. Burr.

I call it mine, though there is no legal document in existence to prove it has ever been conveyed to me; I pay no taxes on it, and I have no right to sell it. It is mine as all out-doors is mine. Cowper once told my story for me:

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight
Calls the delightful scenery all his own."

My yard fronts the house in which I happen to be eating and sleeping for a time, and I possess myself of all it has to offer as freely as if I held a deed to it, all properly signed and sealed.

It is an irregular plot of ground running perhaps one hundred feet from the house to the road, and with a varying width that will average somewhat greater than the length. On one side lies a broad barley field covered with stubble, and on the other a little gulch washed out by the overflow from the road when the winter rains come down. There are no fences.

Most of the year the gulch produces a tangle of nightshade, jimson weed, wild sage and various other kinds of

natural plant life. The yard on the gulch side is bordered with a low hedge of marguerites. In front, tall eucalyptus trees and feathery-leaved pepper-trees line the roadway, in full leaf the year round. In the yard are acacia, palm and orange trees, and rose bushes, with a bed of petunias blossoming on a sand-mound out under the street trees. Rows of "dusty miller" line the walk. Banked against the house on both sides and running down its entire length are neatly-trimmed rows of scarlet geraniums. Looking off towards the front the eye runs against tall mountains not far away, and on either side other mountains stand as background guards.

It is early July. This Southern California valley is flooded with warm sunshine, which might easily be too hot for comfort even in the early hours of the morning were it not tempered by a breeze that carries coolness brought sometimes from the sea and sometimes from the mountains. I sit in my private box, the piazza, looking out upon my front yard, and watch the play—shall we call it "Nature's Carnival"?

A bevy of playful linnets chase each other from tree to tree, with gay bird-shouts, like so many happy, romping children. Somewhere, not far away, a mocking-bird is vocalizing, getting himself ready, no doubt, for his recital tonight. Little gray sparrows are picking seeds out of the bare ground under the trees and bushes. A linnet somewhere out of sight is singing with happy abandon a song not unlike that of a gleeful canary. A sober towhee stands in meditative mood in the shade under the date-palm. From across the road comes a bird-note sounding wonderfully like a phoebe's call; the saucy mocking bird picks it up and flings it back tauntingly from his perch on some tree down the road.

A solitary blue-jay stands guard with the dignity of a sentinel over the mound on which the petunias blossom. I have watched that fellow more or less for many days. He seems to be all alone in the world. The petunia-mound is his chief lurking place. Sometimes he will fly away only to return in a few moments with some choice morsel in his mouth, which he eats on a limb of the acacia tree, pecking his food on the firm wood to assist him in some way to prepare it for swallowing.

But the star in all this bird-play is the phainopepla—glossy, alert and so intensely active that he cannot stay long enough in one place for one to study him carefully. He flies in suddenly with a fine display of white-barred wings somewhat like those of the mocking-bird; but this is no mocker, this glossy, blue-black body of feathered motion, with crest erect, plumping down for a second into a nightshade bush on the side of the gulch. Are the poisonous nightshade berries dainties for the phainopeplas? I have seen them most frequently in these bushes this summer, apparently feeding there.

As the forenoon advances the mocking-birds incline to rest their voices; but they come frequently upon the stage here in my front yard, feeding and exercising. There is one young fellow now down among the weeds near the edge of the barley-field, busy with his physical culture exercises. He lifts his wings as we do our arms, and apparently has a set series of "wing exercises," which he is practicing. Another sits on an acacia branch, lifting and lowering his tail as if this were necessary for balance. Down he drops to the ground for some morsel of food his quick eye has seen there. Up in the eucalyptus tree two mockers are having a "scrap." What scolders they are! But possibly it is just good-natured "scrapping."

The yard is clearing now of bird-life as the warmer sunshine takes possession; but voices are heard in the distance and in the nearby trees. Ah! there are two phainopeplas and a mocker performing aerial gymnastics up near the top of that tall eucalyptus tree. Out they fly, twisting, turning, darting, diving, then back to the topmost branches of the tree for a rest, then out their pirouetting again. It is not to be wondered at that the phainopeplas have sometimes been called "black mocking birds," though no mocker blood flows in their veins. But the white wing-bars and some other characteristics give them a mocker effect at times.

As the forenoon moves toward the day's meridian the heat increases; but the call of the out-of-doors is strong, and I seek the shady side of the house, looking out over the barley-field to write this

Psalm of the True Life.

O the joy of wild life, the life of the bird and the bush,
Untrained, untrimmed, untrammeled save at the hands of
God!

Its glory is not in its freedom, but I find its glory in this:
Each bird, each bush, each towering tree lives its own life.

The spirit within dictates what shall be done each day:
Each bird sings its own song, does that which it can
best do;

Each plant brings forth its own blossom
And the fruit of its own heart's choice.

Throbbing instincts, God-planted, are not suppressed,
Save as the hand of man captures, or trims, or trains.

Shall I be less free than the birds
To fulfill the plan of my Maker?
Shall I submit to the life of the serf,
Bondman to the conventions of other bondmen?
O God! let me do **my** work, find **my** friends, live **my** life!
Give me freedom to follow my finest instincts!

La Canada, Cal.

CALIFORNIA LEADS.

Dedication of First Federated Missions Building in the World.

Wednesday evening, July 12, occurred one of the greatest events in the history of Mount Hermon, in the dedication of the Mount Hermon Federated Missions Building, costing nearly $4,700. As far as is known, this is the only actual home of interdenominational mission work in the world. The main rooms of the building were crowded with women and men, representing different denominations. Mrs. H. B. Pinney of San Francisco, chairman of the interdenominational committee, presided. The music was under the direction of Rev. Jas. W. Patterson. One of the young girls in the choir was Alma, a Christian Indian girl from Middletown, Lake county.

Mrs. Pinney's remarks were followed by the financial report of Miss Laura Richards of Saratoga, first vice-chairman. The report showed that $325 was needed to complete the payment on the building. Dr. H. W. Gilchrist, who has worked so vigorously for years for Mt. Hermon, took the floor, and two hundred dollars of the amount was raised; Mrs. Pinney, thinking she knew where the remainder could be secured.

Dr. Gilchrist made an Historical Address, giving the history of the Mt. Hermon Building from the beginning.

Three years ago, the ground on which the building now stands was dedicated to interdenominational work. The trend of the last century has been toward the getting together of the denominations. Perhaps the opportunity has been a little nearer to us on the Pacific coast. Mt. Hermon stands for the unity of the Christian church in thought, faith and action. Seven denominations are now represented at Mt. Hermon.

Following this came two-minute speeches from "the women behind the work." Mrs. R. B. Goddard, so ardent a worker for Mt. Hermon, spoke on "Our Patroness"—the woman who had a vision and who loaned $3,000, so making possible the Mt. Hermon building.

Mrs. C. A. Westenberg (Methodist) of Berkeley spoke, saying that our children and our children's children would bless the day when mother helped the building. Mrs. Westenberg appealed for books to form a missionary library at the Mt. Hermon Building, and showed the nucleus of the library, four books, given by Dr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Smythe of Berkeley.

Mrs. C. H. Hobart (Baptist) of Oakland, spoke on "Advantages of the Building," mentioning three: 1. Enlarged Vision. 2. Enlarged Sympathy. 3. Fellowship. She said in part: "It is fifty years since women were first organized in mission work. Forty years of that time, we almost exclusively looked at the work of our denomination. It is only the last ten years since we have broadened our vision, and been looking at and studying the whole great movement of God as wrought out by the church universal."

Mrs. McClellan (United Presbyterian) of Stege, spoke on "Co-operation." We federate that we may co-operate. Dr. Gilchrist called on Mr. M. H. Hackett, the builder of the Federated Missions Building, to rise. Mr. Hackett was greeted with applause, afterwards being given the "Chinese handshake." Mr. Hackett, formerly of San Francisco, has put such enthusiasm and labor into the building as to make no money on it himself, but it stands a monument to his skill. All the walls and ceilings are finished in hand-dressed wood, involving an immense amount of labor, the upper story finished in pine and the lower in redwood. Sixty thousand feet of lumber were used in the building, and 60,000 shingles, the outside of the house being shingled. Another unique feature is the big chimney-piece of granite cobbles. Mr. Hackett obtained a two-horse wagon load of these granite cobbles from the beach about four miles below Santa Cruz. Mrs. Hackett has ably seconded her husband's efforts concerning the Mt. Hermon Building.

The prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. Hetta F. Douglas, Congregational missionary at Little Shasta, Calif. "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" was sung, and the meeting closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Paterson.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Chairman Mt. Hermon Press Committee.

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

WORTH HAVING.

If a string is in a knot,
Patience will untie it;
Patience can do many things,
Did you ever try it?
If 'twas sold at any shop,
I should like to buy it,
But you and I must find our own,
No other can supply it.

—Anna M. Pratt.

GOD SHOULD NOT BE THOUGHT OF AS LESS GOOD THAN WE ARE!

Last Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago gave an impressive sermon in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley on the words of Paul to the Athenians: "Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." Dr. Barton said, in the course of his sermon:

"It is just as possible to make an idol out of a form of words as out of wood; just as possible to worship a definition as a deity of stone. Men break the second commandment now, not by bowing down to statuary, but by attempting to confine God within their dialactic, to grave him with their syllogisms and to fashion their doctrines out of the wooden traditions of theology and the brazen formulas of creeds. Being the children of God we ought not to think that God is less good than we are. I believe that many good people think God capable of much which they would count sin in themselves. The men who framed the terrible old doctrines of the imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity, by which the whole unborn race was doomed to hell—and all this before any sin had been committed by them—were not demoniacal men. They were good men, kind fathers, faithful and generous neighbors. The men who framed the older doctrines of the atonement were not bloody men, but men of the beatitudes."

Dr. Barton remarked in that connection: "I make no outcry against the old theology. I have much sympathy for it, though I hold to that of my own generation. The men of the past were better than their theology, however strong and faithful it made them. The heart of the race is always a little ahead of its formulated statements.

"But when we have ourselves come to an ideal of human goodness that makes us at our best gentle, compassionate, and humane, let us make haste to believe that God is at least as good as we are, and very probably a great deal better.

"I am inclined to think that nothing can really be true of God which shocks the moral nature of a child. I am very sure that nothing can be right in God which would be wrong in us."

Dr. Barton concluded his sermon, which was listened to with intense interest by a congregation which crowded the large auditorium, with the following thought on the fatherhood of God:

"The doctrine of the fatherhood of God is one which carries with it the largest and most ennobling theory of life. It redeems us from the relentless clutch of fate; gives us active participation in the mightiest enterprise of history; gives a new interpretation and appeal for sacrifice and service. And it tells us that the kind of goodness we know here will not require to be naturalized in heaven. There is just one kind of God—on the cross, and in the lives of good men and women."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Miles B. Fisher, of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, is taking one of the courses on Education in the summer school of the University of California.

Miss Ethel Lucas, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. O. W. Lucas, widely known on the Pacific Coast for their many years of able and devoted service, is serving as organist for a few months in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Miss Lucas is a graduate of the University of California, having had there the advantages of both the literary and musical courses of study.

The Rev. N. B. Evanson has resigned from the work at Bay Point, which he has carried on in connection with his studies in Pacific Theological Seminary for the last three years. It is his intention to take a year of post-graduate work in the Seminary and at the same time take some convenient field to supply. The church at Bay Point has accepted Mr. Evanson's resignation with deep regret, cognizant of the fact that he has done splendid service in bringing the church there to the position of influence and usefulness, which it has in that town.

The weekly offerings of the First Congregational Church of Oakland have increased during the year to the amount of $1,374.40, bringing the total amount up to $6,221.80. By vote of the church on July 5th, it was decided to turn fifty per cent of these offerings into the benevolence fund and fifty per cent into the current expense fund. In accordance with this vote 25 per cent of the amount for benevolences will go to the American Missionary Association; 21 to the Church Building Society; 11 to the Ministerial Relief Society; 10 to Sunday-school and Publishing Socety; 4 to Education Society; 2 to San Francisco Port Society; 2 to mission schools; and 25 per cent to the Church Fellowship Fund. It is thought that this arrangement of funds derived from weekly offerings, along with the special offerings for home and foreign missions and the contributions from the auxiliaries of the church will enable it to meet the apportionment made by the Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches which aggregated $11,800—divided as follows: Home Missions, $4,250; Foreign, $4,000; American Missionary Association, $1,300; Church Building Society, $1,100; Sunday-school and Publishing Society, $550; Educational Society, $250; Ministerial Relief Society, $350.

SAN FRANCISCO MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening last Monday to a talk on Preaching, by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton, who has been for twelve years the pastor of the First Congregational Church at Oak Park, Chicago. Dr. Barton is a versatile man—having to do with various religious and educational activities; he spoke accordingly out of a wide and rich experience, and in a thoroughly inspirational manner, making attendance at the Monday meeting exceptionally worth while. Such a talk has to be heard to be appreciated. We shall not spoil it by any attempt to reproduce it, except to state that the line of thought was that preaching is today a much more difficult task than it was even a few decades ago; that no longer can a minister preach effectively if he makes his sermons out of commentaries and a few musty treatises on theology; that the present day preacher has no monopoly on the sources from which material is derived; that if he is to succeed he must seek material for sermons with much more discrimination than aforetime. It was pointed out also that the minister of today has in other than the intellectual way much more with which to compete than in the past. Business and pleasure encroach upon Sunday as never before. There are the Sunday newspapers, the Sunday golf, and the automobile. There is the summer vacation, and the winter vacation, during which church interests lag. And everywhere the commercial spirit rears itself in way of menace both to religion and good citizenship. Nevertheless the thought was that this is a great age in which to live and preach, for men have not outgrown the need nor the desire for the gospel, and its message has royal welcome in human hearts and lives.

Among the remarks of Dr. Barton as to what the sermon should be, was this; "It should be up-to-date, but not too much up-to-date." Which, being interpreted, means, doubtless, that it have that charm and winsomeness which will enable it to lay hold of and influence the life of the present day without lowering the quality of those elements which grace and beautify existence and render this earthly life well worth living. There are some things in which it ought not to be up-to-date, inasmuch as it is the aim of preaching to make those things out of date as soon as possible. Among the statements suggestive of what a sermon should be were the words dropped by a woman as she went from a Chicago church one day: "That was a sermon which would help a poor washer-woman all the week."

In reference to the advanced religious thought, Dr. Barton remarked that he stood with it in the main; but was careful not to wound in his presentation of it those yet wedded to the old.

Referring to the evangelistic campaigns in Chicago in recent years by Dr. Torrey, Gipsy Smith, and by Chapman and Alexander, he felt constrained to question their value, and was of the conviction that work henceforth must be more directly and closely with the individual.

The Next Speakers.

Next Monday the meeting will be addressed by the Rev. N. T. Edwards, who is associated with the Rev. Dr. Bartlett in the Bethlehem Institute work in Los Angeles. The following Monday the speaker will be the Rev. E. R. Fuller of Bakersfield who is spending his vacation in this part of California.

Oh, cheerily smile
And wait awhile
For the storm will soon be over.
There's a bit of blue
In the sky for you,
There's sweetness yet in the clover.
Oh, rest and wait
Though a burden great
On thy heavy heart is pressing,
For a hand of love
Will the cross remove,
And leave instead a blessing.

—Jean Dwight Franklin.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

From the California Christian Advocate.

We learn from one of our exchanges that the Montreal Witness, that great family newspaper, "has been running behind financially about $25,000 a year, for some time, owing to the high cost of publication and a failure on the part of Christian business men to largely advertise in it, and on the part of others to faithfully subscribe for it. The Witness has followed the rule of refusing liquor advertisements, and has stood for the highest and noblest type of citizenship and social standards It has been a magnificent paper, but the good people of the Dominion did not sufficiently appreciate its value, or, at least, did not consider the need of their giving personal financial patronage to it, so as to nourish and sustain it. Hence, recently, the publishers received an offer to sell to purchasers who would change the tone of the paper, and make it financially self-supporting and profitable. Before accepting the offer, the publishers took their readers into their confidence by disclosing the financial condition of the paper and offering to the Christian and moral public the alternative of either supporting the paper or of seeing it sold. The support they preferred and most needed was more advertising and an increase of subscribers, two to one. On this announcement hundreds of ministers and Christian laymen and others began to bestir themselves to save the Witness, and the results, while not yet assuring, are very gratifying. We hope this most excellent journal will be kept going and be kept up to its high ideal There is a lesson here; no helpful and needed religous paper ought to suffer loss because of the inattention of its friends."

The problem of financial support is the very real problem facing the religious press. That the religious press is an absolute necessity there is no question. That the Church cannot get together, pull together, nor do its work effectually without the religious press there can also be no doubt. In the midst of the vast volume of newspapers and magazines the average man cannot quite realize how greatly the distinct denominational paper is needed. That the Church must have a denominational ministry, denominational church edifices is apparent to all. No denomination could long survive if it relied upon the general public in some general way for its ministry. The principles of the denomination would not long survive the regime of a ministry supplied by any one, every one who happened to come along. True as such a statement is respecting the pulpit, the teaching of the pulpit, the statement is far truer concerning a miscellaneous pastoral work. The Christian people demand a "certified" preacher, a trained and cultured and qualified preacher, that fact is perfectly apparent; that is as it should be. The people demand a "certified" pastor, a gentleman, a pure-hearted, a clean, sound, religiously sane man to come into their homes, to set the moral standards, to impress the characters of the children, to marry the young people, to bury the old people, to voice the joy, to express the sorrow and inspire the life of the home. The preacher must be guaranteed by the Conference and in some very real way by the whole Church. The pastor must be equally well credentialed. The religious press should be as sound as the preacher, as clean and true as the pastor and as thoroughly guaranteed and certified by the whole Church. The religious press has a message, it preaches, it enters the home, it speaks to the whole Church, and also at the fireside and to the individual, to the children, to the young people and to the mature and thoughtful Christians.

The general Church guards the rights of the preacher, gives him absolute control of his pulpit. The general Church protects the pastor against miscellaneous and mischievous peripatetics. The religious press must wear a white-tie, appear ministerial, be clean and strong and fresh, pass a rigid examination every week, yet it is not protected. The religious press cannot say to a competitor, get out of my field. The pastor would complain bitterly to the whole Church if a self-appointed pastor would rise up in the name of aboriginal liberty and start a preaching service in the prayer-meeting room while he was preaching in the auditorium. Specially would he feel the injustice of the procedure if his "contemporary" insisted on taking a collection for his own personal benefit. If you add to this the additional handicap of allowing this competitor without credentials, without consent of the Church to rise right up in his own might and in his own undisputed right to canvass the members in their homes for funds to go into his own pocket you would not be surprised if your congregation went to pieces. The denominational religious press is held to the same high standards maintained by the ministry with absolutely none of the provisions the ministry has for its protection. Of course it must die. Under such treatment the ministry could not live a decade. The Church from time to time expresses surprise that the religious press has such a hard road to travel. The trouble is clear enough, but the solution of the problem is not quite at hand.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Tulare.—Five persons united with the church at the last communion service. The Rev. R. B. Dunlap, the pastor, has been granted the month of August for a vacation.

Riverside.—It is expected that work will begin ere long on the new church edifice which will be constructed so as to form an important part of the Riverside civic center—near the public library, the post-office and the far-famed Mission Inn.

Pacific Grove.—Mayflower Church will dedicate next Sunday its beautiful new house of worship, which was erected to take the place of the one destroyed last year by fire. The dedicatory sermon will be given by the Rev. Dr. Daniel F. Fox of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena.

Pomona.—Thirteen persons entered into the fellowship of Pilgrim Church on Sunday, July 9th, seven on confession. Work on the new edifice is progressing in a satisfactory way, and the Sunday-school building will be ready for occupancy in September. The boys' brigade was represented at the annual encampment at Catalina Island by thirty members.

Sunnyvale.—The Rev. R. B. Cherington, after several years of devoted service in this field, has resigned the pastorate and has accepted a call from the church at Porterville. Mr. and Mrs. Cherington will be greatly missed in Sunnyvale and in the Santa Clara Valley. They go to Porterville the 1st of September. Ten new members were re-

ceived last Sunday; three on confession. During Mr. Cherington's pastorate of nearly seven years there have been an hundred accessions.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, leaves this week on a two months' vacation in the East. On Sunday, July 30th, he will preach at South Norwalk, Connecticut; on the 6th, 13th and 20th of August, at the Second Church of Greenwich, Conn., and on August 27 and September 3 in Newtonville, Massachusetts. In this Boston suburban church Mr. Fisher was for two years a tenor singer in the choir. It will be an interesting experience to go back now, not to the choir loft, but to the pulpit.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—The Washington Conference of Congregational Churches will meet this year in Pilgrim Church, Seattle, September 19-21.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—Five persons were received to membership at the last communion service, three on confession. Pilgrim gave letters recently to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nichols to the Congregational church at Toppenish. No evenng service is held during July and August.

REV. J. B. CLARKE.

Rev. J. B. Clarke was born at Gloucester, R. I., October 19, 1847, and was accidentally killed at his ranch near Tulare by the electric current at the power-house supplying his land with water for irrigating, on July 1, 1911.

His father, having a large family and seeing his desire for education, gave him his time at the age of fourteen so that he might earn money and save it toward an education. At sixteen he was converted and joined a Baptist church. He was twenty-one by the time he saved enough for his first year's schooling—so small were boy's wages at that time. But so diligent was his study and so in sympathy with his progress were his teachers that he prepared for college in two years. He took his college course at Dartmouth, and in this class there were five Clarkes—Rev. F. E. Clarke, founder of the C. E. movement being third and Rev. J. B. Clarke being Clarke fifth. There was a prayer club meeting once a week for prayer called the A. B. C.'s. It was composed of students whose last names began with the first letters of the alphabet. Beside the two mentioned above Rev. S. W. Adriance was one member later widely known.

Mr. Clarke graduated in 1873 and soon afterward married Ellen M. Gale of Barnard, Vermont. Then, after teaching two years at Gilmanton, N. H., he entered Yale for his divinity course, graduating in 1878. R. A. Torrey was one of his classmates. He had supplied various pulpits during summers of his seminary course, among them being Hartland, Conn. It was during his seminary course that he changed to the Congregational denomination.

His first pastorate was at Colebrook, Conn., two years. Then he was at Barkhamsted, Conn., nine years, and it was here that he was ordained. He taught two terms of school different winters for the benefit of advanced pupils who could not afford to go away. One term he became specially interested in four young men and worked for their conversion; three were converted during the term and the other shortly after. He held district prayer-meetings here and would often walk when he thought it too stormy to take out a horse.

His wife and five children came to California in 1889. For several years he helped in the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Hanford, teaching in Sunday-school and helping in Y. P. S. C. E. He preached occasionally at Hanford, Armona and other places. He taught several terms of school in the West Side country and always gathered the children into a Sunday-school.

After moving to Tulare, he took the Congregational pastorate there for two years. Following that he preached at Field's Landing and Falk in Humboldt county one year, supplying one church mornings and the other afternoons.

He was a man peculiarly hindered and prevented in carrying out his life plan, but was always ready to fill in and help in little things when kept from the greater. While on the Tulare ranch the last years of his life, he gathered children without church privileges into Sunday-school at the Walnut Grove school. One man in the neighborhood said, "I don't know how we can go along without him out here, he was always so well informed on every subject, that when we were puzzled over anything we would say, 'Well, we'll ask Mr. Clarke.' "

Everywhere his influence was strong, his life went so well with his words. His friends and family will always be inspired to greater usefulness by their memories of his humble, Christlike walk with God.

AMY E. BURROWS.

The Home.

If a wren can cling
To a spray a-swing
In the mad May wind, and sing and sing,
As if she'd burst for joy,
Why cannot I
Contented lie
In His quiet arms, beneath His sky,
Unmarred by life's annoy?

—Robert Haven Schauffler.

A MESSAGE TO HUSBANDS.

She was a good wife; there was nothing unusual in that.

She looked upon her husband as a demigod; there was nothing unusual in that.

He looked upon himself as an absolute god; and there was nothing unusual in that.

For fifteen years she had been a perfect wife and mother, living absolutely for her home and family, thinking only of their welfare and happiness.

She demanded little in return for her loving service, and the family had come to take it for granted, and to enjoy the belief that constant self-sacrifice was mother's pleasure.

Then, one day, as gently and as sweetly as she had lived, the mother died.

The funeral had been in the morning, and toward nightfall a steady, dreary rain set in.

The husband had wandered down to his office in the afternoon from sheer force of habit, and sat there idly turning over a bundle of letters, on whose contents he could not concentrate his attention.

After thoughts:

He thought of the fifteen years they had spent together as man and wife. And it passed through his mind that perhaps he had not been quite the perfect husband that he had always considered himself to be.

"I suppose I've been as good as most husbands," he thought, uncomfortably. "But I wonder if I was good enough for her."

O, well; it was all over now, and he must make the best of things. There were the children to think of; he would go home to them now; they must feel as forlorn as he.

Poor little mites!

As he entered the front door he found himself listening for the cheery call that always greeted his homecoming.

Dreary silence! That sweet welcoming voice was hushed forever.

With a sigh he turned into the parlor. It was dark and he stumbled over a footstool on his way to press the electric-light button.

What were the servants thinking of to have the house in darkness at this hour? It had never happened before.

The fire that always blazed cheerily on the open fireplace had been allowed to die out, and his own particular chair had been pulled away from the table by which it always stood.

There had always been a lighted lamp on that table and his favorite evening paper.

He looked about the dreary room with a dull throb of misery. Was it always going to be like this?

This room had always been a perfect nest of cozy comfort. She had known so well how to make a room pretty and comfortable.

On a table at the other side of the fireplace was a basket filled with half-finished mending. There was Bobbie's stocking, with the darning-egg in it, just as she had showed it to him that night before she was taken ill.

"Bobbie is getting to be such a great, strong boy," she had said, with tender pride. "He keeps me half my time mending his things."

With tear-blurred eyes and clumsy, unsteady fingers he picked up the stocking—the last sign of her loving ministration.

He wandered forlornly upstairs. Where were the children, he queried.

A child's laugh rang out, and his first feeling was of angry protest that anyone could laugh.

"Then they are young and will soon forget," he thought miserably. "And I must bear this lonliness by myself."

He turned into their room—the room he and she had shared for fifteen years. There in the closet hung the pretty pink wrapper she had always worn when she did her hair. With a sobbing sigh he buried his face in its silken folds. The sweet fragrance of her spirit still clung to it.

He paced slowly up and down the room, which henceforth must be his alone.

That worn place in the carpet; he remembered that she had wanted a new carpet last Easter, but he had said they couldn't afford it; and then he had bought a very expensive fur-lined coat for himself, and she had been delighted that he should be so comfortable. * * * *

Where were his slippers, he wondered. She always had them ready for him.

As he kicked off his shoes a thing absurdly pathetic upset him utterly.

There was a hole in the toe of his stocking—such a thing had not happened during his fifteen years of married life. She wouldn't have let it happen. With a hoarse sob of misery he cried: "I cannot bear it. I cannot live without her."

When a few minutes later he answered the summons of his dinner gong he found the children at the table, a subdued, little sad-faced group.

He sat down opposite the empty chair. "Children," he said, "I want to tell you that you have lost the best mother, and I the best wife, that ever lived. And we did not half appreciate her."—Julia Steere, in Michigan Christian Advocate.

"I JEST KEEP A-LIVIN' ALONG."

Some folks they keep huntin' for sorrow;
They sigh if they're right or they're wrong;
But this day's as good as tomorrow,
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

I jest keep a-livin' along,
I jest keep a-singin' a song;
There's no use to sigh
While the sun's in the sky;
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it
To give Him directions? He knowed
I wouldn't know how to begin it,
Bein' nothin' but dust by the road.

So I jest keep a-livin' along,
And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong;
I never will sigh
While He's runnin' the sky;
I jest keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and for showers;
The Lord makes the winter an' May;
And He'd hide all the graves with His flowers
If folks didn't weed 'em away!

So I jest keep a-livin' along,
Still thankful for sunlight and song;
I know, when it's snowing',
God's roses are growin',
So I Jest keep a-livin' along!

—Frank L. Stanton.

DUTY AND TRUST.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God surmounts them all.

—Cowper.

ONE MOTHER'S METHODS.

Among the happiest women I know is an ambitious, energetic little mother whose household includes so numerous a company of boys and girls that it recalls that of the traditional "old woman that lived in a shoe."

Her domain is scarcely larger than the one accredited to that heroine of childhood's famous classic, for her purse is a light one; but her management is a refreshing contrast to the summary methods of her prototype.

Although, during the long vacation, she believes that "joy should be unconfined," she contrives to insinuate a good deal of information into the young brains, without arousing their suspicion that they are really learning anything, which they would, of course, indignantly resent. were her object avowed.

It is all done by means of certain games which she pleases herself greatly in devising or adapting. I found her one morning sitting in a corner of her tiny piazza surrounded by a litter of tissue papers, bright bits of ribbon, silks and other stuffs, and while stitching away busily she was apparently conning a lesson, making frequent reference to an open book upon her lap.

"Are you working for a bazaar?" I inquired as I joined her.

"No; I am making prizes for my games and never were you more welcome. I am always wishing for on extra pair of hands, and you have brought yours with you, I see."

I assured her that they were willingly at her service.

'I have sent the children off hunting for leaves," she continued briskly, "and I am studying up the subject in this Botany so as to be ready for our little game this evening. They collect as many varieties of leaves as possible, which are thrown into a basket. They are withdrawn by the children in turn, who must each try to name correctly the one chosen. Failing this, it is passed on until someone knows its name. I am the final authority. Each leaf that is recognized is treasured to form part of the wreath with which the victor is crowned. Three times crowned, one is entitled to a prize."

"It must cultivate the children's powers of observation," I suggested.

"Yes, and calls forth their wonder and admiration at nature's infinite variety. I like to think that the form of every leaf, the part and design of every flower existed first only as a thought of God. I have always been an enthusiastic botanist."

"You have always been enthusiastic in everything," I exclaimed. "It is the way to enjoy life. It keeps you young, too, and companionable with your children. Tell me about some of your other games?"

"Well," she resumed, cheerfully, "we have a toy blackboard about four feet square before which my small audience seats itself. I then write upon it a list of words or a short story. I give them time to read it once over, when I reverse the board, and they all write what they can remember. The one whose paper can show closest resemblance to the story on the board receives a small prize. These prizes are all home-made. I have here a photograph frame of cardboard covered with a bit of old red velvet; this butterfly pen-wiper, I embroidered; then, I have a collection of stamps, made in my youth, and it has been a happy solution of the difficulty about who should become its owner to make each stamp a reward for success in a game. I also make 'bonbonnieres' by covering small boxes with tissue papers, so as to resemble roses, pinks, poppies, etc., and filled with a few ounces of candy, delight the hearts of the younger children."

"Do you play something every evening?" I enquired.

"Oh, no; in order that the children may regard it in the light of a pleasure, we play but one or two evenings in each week. Sometimes I rule the blackboard into squares, and in each write a different letter or figure. Copying the diagram after a quick glance at it, teaches them to remember where they see things. Their eyes seem fairly to snatch at what they see.

"Three shades of light green tissue paper, cut and puckered into shape, looks very like lettuce when put into a bowl. At the base of each leaf we glue a bit of paper, upon which anything may be written. Historical questions, quotations, single words to which a synonym must be furnished or some question to set them thinking, as, for instance, 'Is regret the same as remorse?' 'Is remorse the same as repentance?' The lettuce game is not new, but adaptable to almost anything. Here is my list of words, the correct pronounciation of which I am going to ask for tonight:

"Apricot, Albumen, Asia, Almond, Bicycle, Bitumen, Banana, Besom, Bouquet, Condolence, Constable, Contumacy Donkey, Esquimaux, Falcon, Granary, Hypocrisy, Illustrated, Inundate, Joust, Leaped, Nation, National, Occult, Parliament, Radish, Roof, Shone, Soldier, Sovereign, Stirrup.

"Sometimes we have a spelling-bee, and the neighbor's children think it great fun to be included. We also play at historical characters, each in turn chooses someone to impersonate and the rest try to guess in twenty questions what character is assumed. We are going to have a bit of dictionary this evening. I give the definition and the children guess the word. For instance, I say, 'The title assumed by the successors of Mahomet,' and the children respond 'Caliph.' To encourage the young ones I choose some as easy as 'Ten and one,' the answer naturally—eleven. The older children greatly enjoy the game of 'Author's Initials.'"

"I do not know it," I interposed. "Will you tell me about it?"

"Yes, it is comparatively new. The initials of an author are used as the first letters of a little sentence descriptive of him or of his works. Clever Delineator may stand for Charles Dickens, Rustic Bard for Robert Burns. It need not be confined to authors.'

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the children laden with branches and baskets of leaves as though decked for a vintage festival, and all talking at once.

I took my leave after receiving a most cordial invitation to be present at the little family fete that evening or any evening when it should suit my convenience.—Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in Table Talk.

I shut my casement 'gainst the murky night.
The morning dawned. The world was bathed in light.
So bent to shield my heart from pain and grief,
I lost the joy that comes from pain's relief.

—Richard S. Holmes.

No great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.

Our Young People

THE BOY WHO FORGETS.

I love him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossipy things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets someone's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his work time, his play.
So this is why I take his part;
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it, with all of my heart;
I love him for what he forgets!
—Pauline Frances Camp, in St. Nicholas.

ONE DAY AT BOB BASCOM'S.

Susan Perry Peckham.

The apple tree was as pretty as it could be! Bob Bascom's tree, it was. Why, he noticed it when he waked up in the morning—when he wasn't even wide awake! His eyes opened and saw that tree; the branches came quite near one window of his room. He had never supposed a tree could look as pretty as that. He kept shutting his eyes and opening them to see just how thick and surprising those blossoms were.

They talked it at breakfast, and his mother said:

"You could have your swing put up this morning, Bob. I'll see to it." And she did. The tree was away round back of the house; but after Mrs. Bascom had said goodbye to Mr. Bascom when he went off to business, and after she had told Martha just what to give Baby Louise for breakfast and to keep her warm, and so on, she said she would leave all the rest and get the swing put up for Bob.

Before this she had let Bob call Jimmie from the stable; and, when Jimmie came, she had sent him to a box in the attic that she told him about, where the swing had been resting since last summer. Bob went with him, and they pulled out the swing and Jimmie carried it around to the tree.

Then Bob's mother came hurrying around, too, and showed Jimmie how to put up that nice swing with the comfortable seat. You see, he didn't know how to put up swings just right and safely. But Mrs. Bascom told him, and then she tried it herself before she left Bob to have a good time in it. And she took off some sprays of apple blossoms to carry with her, because she could not see the tree at all from the front of the house.

"If you want me," she said to Bob, "I shall be in the sitting-room or the nursery for a while, and then in the kitchen, before I go to market."

"Yes," said Bob.

"Are you going to be lonely around here?"

"No," said Bob, in the swing, just going it. "I shan't be lonely."

"Well, if you are, trot right around this way." Then she gave him a big, extra shove, and ran away, singing to herself—it was such a pleasant morning. And, when she got to the corner of the house, she waved her apple blossoms at Bob.

Then he was all alone. But he was not a bit lonely, not a bit. He didn't swing very hard after the first few minutes; that is, sometimes he didn't and sometimes he did. The seat of that swing was so comfortable and big that a boy of his size could almost lie out flat in it. You never did lie down and look up into the apple tree in bloom, did you? and just swing a little back and forth, birds singing, robins and other birds, and very blue sky? The sun, shining through the white and pink flowers and little new light-green leaves, almost dazzled Bob's eyes. He was thinking about birds just then, when a beautiful one—the brightest-colored bird that he ever saw—came whizzing down and lighted on a bough not very far from his head. It was an orange and yellow and red and black bird, and it moved around very lively. Why, it didn't seem to notice Bob at all—fine to see him so close!

"Bob!" somebody called, but Bob really did not hear.

"Bob!" and he hardly heard this time, and stayed right still.

"Bob—Bob, dear!" and then the person didn't call again. It was Mrs. Bascom, and she thought she couldn't make Bob hear and so she hurried back to the kitchen, she had so much to attend to there.

Bob was just beginning to think about somebody calling him. The bright bird had not gone away yet. Bob watched it. But somebody had called him, Bob; and he must go, and he couldn't go, he didn't want to go; he couldn't leave that swing so soon, but he must. He wriggled out of it and ran just as hard as he could along that path and around the corner and down the other side to the back door. His mother was just coming out. She had a big white cloth around her hand.

"Bob, dear," she said, "will you please go into Mrs. Brown's and ask her or Sarah or Florence to give you the bottle of carron oil—the oil for burned fingers, you can say? I lent it to them yesterday, and I haven't anybody to send just now but you, dear."

You had better believe that Bob ran hard over to Mrs. Brown's, and he hurried up, too, to get that bottle. Then he tore as hard as he could back again. He supposed, you know, that maybe his mother's hand was hurting awfully.

And it was, but of course she didn't say so: mothers don't. She said: "Well! you brought it quickly, Bob! Thank you, thank you.'

And it was not more than three minutes after she put that oil on the burn before it stopped hurting.

And so, then, Bob went back and had another fine time in the swing under the apple tree.—Christian Register.

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